

Folie à Deux

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Folie à Deux

by [FujinoLover](#)

Summary

Will Graham and his new partner, agent Sameen Shaw from New York, were assigned to hunt the Chesapeake Ripper. Their working dynamic was thrown askew when they had to seek help on the case from Baltimore's renowned psychiatrist-psychologist power couple, Hannibal and Samantha Lecter.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Sameen tightened the coat around herself. Baltimore wasn't as cold as New York during winter, but the chill was always quick to creep once the heater was turned off. Beside her, Will was reaching back between their seats for the bottle of wine they had purchased on the way. His little winning grin faltered when she refused to take the bottle from him.

"I don't like being sociable."

"Neither do I," she said. She didn't even know what kind of wine that was, only that it was overpriced, but Jack was the one who paid for it and he told them to play nice. "If it's not kicking doors or shooting people, it's your turn."

Without waiting for a response, she stepped out of the car and slammed the door shut behind her. Will lagged. She waited for him to catch up before she rang the doorbell of the nice two-story house. The door opened only moments later and the woman behind it smiled at them as she let them in.

Samantha Lecter was just like Will and Sameen had predicted—young, beautiful, and charming. The Lecters made the perfect couple. While Sameen scoffed at how cliché it was, Will casted his eyes away as an uncomfortable sensation bloomed in his gut when Hannibal joined them in the foyer, a hand resting on the small of his wife's back as he welcomed them.

The good doctor tried to make eye contact, but Will gazed at his smiling lips instead. Unlike Samantha, they had met Hannibal on a few official occasions before and he continued to unnerve Will somehow. He turned to Sameen, expecting her neutral expression and was quick on absorbing it.

Despite the friction when they first being partnered up, which was due to Jack more than anything else, she became the only person he was comfortable to stare on the eye. While it worked well for pulling him out of the horrible minds he got trapped in, more often than not, he ended up with unexplainable annoyance. Like at the moment, he could still feel her apprehension toward the idea of seeking help for the Chesapeake Ripper case from doctor Lecter and how it had escalated when they learned that it would be doctor Lecters.

Sameen had only caved in when there was a promise of food. It was a known thing among Baltimore socialite circle that both doctors were excellent cooks. They threw dinner party every now and then. The guests, including Jack when he did get invited, always gushed about their mastery in cooking. A casual dinner with the couple, where their brains would probably get picked apart, might be testing the line of professionalism but Sameen wouldn't waste the opportunity of good food and, as doctor Lecters smiled at them, the company of beautiful people.

While Sameen was too busy taking note of their surroundings, Will noticed the way Samantha's chest expanded when his partner took off her coat. He also spotted how her fingers brushed against Sameen's knuckles when she took the coat from her hand. He was startled out of his observation when Hannibal spoke to him.

"May I?"

“Ah... Yes, of course.” Will shrugged off his own coat in haste, only to realize that he was still holding the wine. With the sleeve sticking at odd position on his arm, he offered the bottle. “Thank you for inviting us.”

Hannibal took the wine, tilting it to read the label. Will was worried that he had picked the wrong type, but then Hannibal nodded in approval. “Great taste, Will. But I’m afraid it won’t compliment tonight’s dish well.” He sent another smile at his direction. Samantha did too when she took and hung his coat, but she didn’t give the same reaction as she did with his partner. “Perhaps next time,” Hannibal said.

Instead of reminding Hannibal that this dinner was professional and there would be no next time, Will turned to check on Sameen. He caught her looking at him with cocked brow and he shook his head. They had to play nice. Sameen dropped the concern, too distracted with the hall they were passing through to get to the dining room. The Lecters didn’t have any kid, so the house was quite spacious for two people. She wondered why they needed so much space when they both worked most of the time and what they could be keeping in the basement and the second floor. Probably books.

The fireplace was already running when they entered the dining room. Its color scheme was cobalt blue, with herb garden across the fireplace and the view of the yard on the side. The long table befit a king stole their immediate attentions. An intricate flower arrangement sat on the middle and neither Sameen nor Will would be surprised if they were told that one of the doctors had made it themselves. The room was grandeur, yet cozy and intimate.

Sameen frowned when Samantha pulled a chair for her and squeezed her shoulder once she sat down. She didn’t do the same for her partner. Hannibal came around just as they were seated, setting wooden platters filled with *sushi* in front of her and Will first, complete with little bowls containing soy sauce and ginger on the side.

“*Narezushi*, fermented for two months, with an assortment of *nigirizushi* of salmon, ell, and scallop.” He rushed to the other side of the table, pulling a chair for his wife before he repeated the process of bringing the plates for them. The green tea came last and he sat down next to Samantha. “I can’t take any credit other than for serving, unfortunately.” He squeezed her hand above the table. “It was all my wife’s.”

Samantha smiled at Hannibal as though they were sharing a secret. She had noticed the way Sameen deflated when the food arrived. All looked too beautiful to be home-cooked and tasted just as delicious and more importantly, had no other human involved in any form—she had made sure of that. She understood that the reaction had nothing to do with the food itself or her prowess in cooking and more about Sameen’s preference of meat. She really had no idea what Samantha had saved her from.

“Agent Shaw.”

Sameen looked away from her chopstick, it held up a piece of eel *nigiri*. “Yes?”

“When Hannibal told me that you’re accompanying agent Graham, I admit that I couldn’t help myself.” Samantha’s smile widened. “I read your file, and I’m kinda a big fan. So, I really hope you’ll enjoy the food because I made it just for you.”

“Oh.” Sameen was just a bit bewildered at the admission. If Hannibal wasn’t sitting right across her and Samantha wasn’t wearing a ring identical to his, she would have thought that she was flirting with her. “Thank you, Mrs. Lecter.”

“Please, you can call me Sam.”

Sameen nodded, but said nothing. Despite the initial reluctance, she ended up enjoying her food, much to Samantha’s delight. Hannibal looked over at his wife with a knowing grin—she was staking a claim on agent Shaw, which was fair enough. He would have too, if she hadn’t hacked on the FBI database and dug out everything that was to know about the agents only minutes after he told her that they were expecting them for dinner sometime.

While it was endearing to see agent Shaw pouted but then bulldozed through her plate as if she hadn’t eaten in days, if she insisted on eating the way she did, Hannibal would have her on the dining table within days and not in the way Samantha wanted to eat her.

“I’m surprised that you’re back on the field, Will,” Hannibal said, distracting himself from agent Shaw and the heart-eyes stare Samantha was giving her. He, on the other hand, had been fascinated by Will since their first meeting. “Is Jack really okay with this?”

He didn’t have to mention about Garret Jacob Hobbs and how Jack had to pull Will away after. He had gotten too close. Their acquaintance over the case was too brief for his liking. With no case to solve nor therapy sessions, he had no reason to continue bothering Will without coming too strong. He hadn’t thought they would have the chance to work together again, yet here they were not months later. All those theatrical murders brought Will back to him.

“He is,” Will said, looking at Sameen. “Now that I’m sufficiently buffered.”

Sameen took no offense on the way she was referred. She never tried to hide her personality disorder, but Jack might have lied by omission. Not that Will didn’t sniff it out from miles away and lashed out. She didn’t care about their little drama. After being benched from killing way too many perpetrators, being forced to partner up was a piece of cake. At least she got to shoot people again and she learned to tolerate Will, mostly because of his dogs.

“Are you?”

Will stiffened at that, dared a glance at Hannibal’s eyes. “I thought Jack said no psychoanalyzing.”

Before Hannibal could answer with a loophole of said agreement, Samantha laid a hand on his arm and spoke, “We’re sorry, agent Graham. We hack people for a living. Surely you understand that we can’t just turn it off.” Her voice was soft and placating.

Will sneered. “It’s supposed to be a *playdate*.” He said the word like it had offended him.

“I think it’s more of a double date,” Samantha said. The smile was a constant on her face, but she wasn’t looking at her husband or Will. “Don’t you?”

Will had been wondering about that. He had picked up Samantha's interest long before they sat at the dining table. It hit him like a strong wave, tightening the collar of his shirt and he had to tug on it a few times. Picking up stray emotion was hard. Picking up stray infatuation was harder when it was directed at his partner. It was something he never wanted to experience. With their current predicament, he was in for a rough time because it didn't seem like Samantha would stop until Sameen realized. Infidelity and open relationship aside, it had been quite an interesting interaction to watch.

Long before the dinner took place, Sameen and Will had agreed on not talking about the case during it. Death didn't affect them much. While they didn't think the doctors would mind, talking about the gory state of the victims while eating was not preferable. It was, after all, supposed to be a playdate and Jack had warned them to act as normal as possible. They exchanged a look when Samantha gathered the empty plates and Hannibal brought out dessert—an assortment of *wagashi*, he said. Will had done his part, it was Sameen's turn. She rolled her eyes at him, but he had averted his again, leaving her no choice but to proceed. She needed something a lot stronger than green tea for this.

“So, uh...” She stole Will's *mochi* to mask her discomfort, unaware of the slightest change on Hannibal's expression. She didn't like small talk and the whole getting-to-know-each-other process, but she figured normal people did this kind of thing, especially when they were going to work with each other in the near future. “How did you guys meet?” she asked just with a slight grimace, steeling herself for a romantic tale she didn't even care enough to hear about.

Samantha had reached out for a piece of Hannibal's dessert, giving him a sweet smile even though she had declined his offer for one earlier. She was reminding him that it was nothing but a casual dinner and that sharing food between partners, although impolite and unhygienic, was a sign of comfort. It was a compromise she was willing to make just to ensure that agent Shaw would leave their house alive.

“We were working on the same patient,” Hannibal said. “We met through him by accident.”

They ended up killing him—Samantha because someone had paid her to and Hannibal because the man was deemed rude for seeing a psychologist behind his back. Samantha smirked around her glass at the memory. The killing had assured them to hit it off pretty well. She didn't approve of his cannibalism, but she wasn't afraid of him either and he knew she had plenty of ways to kill him if she wanted to. It was the kind of partnership that kept each party on their toes.

Their marital agreement came not long after, the benefits outweighed the hassle. She had a place where she felt like she belonged and he had someone who shared his madness. They had a friend in each other, and spousal privilege at their disposal. They couldn't possibly divulge of such information, so Hannibal had kept it vague and didn't bother to elaborate further, much to the agents' relief. Dinner was concluded without further conversation.

Later that night, after they had sent their delightful guests off and cleaned up the kitchen, Samantha emerged from the en-suite bathroom donned in one of Hannibal's silk pajamas. The fabric hung a little loose around her lithe form and Hannibal didn't try to conceal the appreciation in his gaze. They would have made compatible partners in bed as they were in

life. It was such a loss that she had exclusive interest in the fairer sex, which for the moment, would be a certain FBI agent with dark hair and dark eyes. He too could say the same regarding himself and the other FBI agent.

“An empath and a sociopath.” Samantha hummed as she rubbed the leftover lotion on her hands. Once done, she plucked her glasses from the nightstand on the side of the bed. Instead of leaving like she always did, she lingered. “Such an interesting combination, don’t you think?”

“Interesting indeed.” He set the book he was reading aside, giving her his undivided attention. “What do you have in mind?”

She seemed to consider the answer for a moment. “Divide and conquer?” Her grin curved up into a smirk.

He returned it with one of his own. “Divide and conquer it is,” he said, nodding.

“We’re gonna have so much fun together,” she called over her shoulder as she halted on the doorway. The basement was his, the second floor was hers. They never shared the bed. “Goodnight, Hannibal.”

“Goodnight, Root.”

End Notes

My tumblr is titled 'Eat the Root' for a reason ;)

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